



Asa A Blanchard's Book.



THE
HISTORY
OF
A LITTLE BOY

Found under a Haycock,

Continued from the First Part,

Given in the

ROYAL ALPHABET;

OR,

CHILD'S BEST INSTRUCTOR.

Embellished with Cuts.

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CHILD'S BEST INSTRUCTOR. To
which is added, The HISTORY of a
LITTLE BOY found under a Haycock.
Part the First. Embellished with Cuts.

THE

History of a LITTLE BOY

Found under a Haycock.

THOUGH little Harry, as we observed in the first part of this work, was as fond as any other boy of a little innocent play, yet he never delighted in any thing that in the least tended to cruelty. He was never fond of duck-hunting, because he said he was sure it must give the harmless duck a

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great

great deal of pain, and no good boy can take pleasure in the sufferings of any creature.

It is well known to every little boy, that rats and mice do a great deal of mischief in barns and other places, and that it is therefore necessary to destroy them. This little Harry thought it his duty to do; but then he never contrived to take them alive, as some people do, only with a view to torment them: on the contrary, Harry always caught them in traps that killed them immediately, and so put them out of their misery at once, without giving him any farther trouble.

When he has been feeding his poultry, the cocks would frequently get to fighting, as you here see.

Now



Now some boys, and indeed too many, would take delight in seeing these cocks mangle and beat one another; but Harry always put an end to their fighting, by parting them as soon as he saw it.

Ned Noodle, who was Harry's schoolfellow, was of a very different character. He delighted in all kinds of mischief, and set not only dogs to fighting, for fun, as he called it, but was frequently the cause of battles among his schoolfellows, though he himself was a complete coward. Indeed, it generally happens, that those, who are so fond of seeing others fight, seldom like to engage in it themselves.

Ned Noodle had indulgent parents, who gave him his way in every thing, and left him to do just as he liked after school-hours, instead of teaching him to be industrious. He therefore got into all kinds of company, and learned many naughty tricks, and many
bad

bad sayings, for which little Harry frequently reprimanded him, telling him how wicked it was to take God's name in vain. But he laughed at every thing he said, and was determined to go on in his old track, which Harry seeing, thought it would be to no purpose to say any thing more to him, and therefore determined to employ his time to some more useful end.

A few days afterwards, Ned Noodle, hearing there was to be a bull-baiting in the neighbourhood, determined to play truant in order to go and see it, and endeavoured to persuade Harry to go along with him. "No, indeed," (said Harry) I shall do no such thing: I shall mind my book, and that will be of more service to me

than all the bull-baitings in the world." Ned laughed at him for a fool, away he went, and got there just as the bull was staked, and the dogs set on, as you here see.



Ned

Ned enjoyed the cruel sport for some time ; but, in the height of his pleasure, going too near the bull, he gave him such a kick, that he laid him upon the ground, for some minutes, to appearance, as if he were dead. It was some time before he came to himself, and afterwards, with much difficulty, reached home, where he was confined to his bed for two months. Such is the consequence of taking delight in such inhuman sports.

Harry, who despised every thing of this kind, constantly attended his school, and in his leisure hours was equally attentive to every thing that concerned the interest of his good friend, Mr. Mildmay. By that time he had reached the age of fourteen, he wrote a very pretty
 A 6 hand,

hand, understood all the rules of common arithmetic, the elementary parts of grammar, the leading principles of geography, and other branches of polite knowledge.

Harry's conduct soon drew on him the attention of some people of consequence in the neighbourhood, whose sons took a pleasure in having him at their own houses in an evening, and every one seemed proud of his company. Poor Harry would often observe, with a sigh, what a happy thing it is to have good parents, and what a terrible thing it was to know neither one's father nor mother. "I am much afraid, (Harry would sometimes say) that my poor father and mother are sadly in want, or they never would have deserted me in the

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the manner they did. If I knew who they were, I am sure I should with pleasure give them one half of my victuals; but I shall never know them!"

In the neighbourhood lived a poor industrious woman, whose name was Jones, of whom Harry was very fond, and she of him. Her husband, during the time of war, when men were much wanted, had been pressed, and sent to sea; so that this poor woman was sadly distressed, and with great difficulty made shift to live. Harry, however, was of great service to her; for, on his representing her condition to Mr. Mildmay, that good gentleman gave Harry leave to give her all the spare victuals, which he carried to her hovel with

as much pleasure as a miser carries money to his strong chest. See how he is trudging there.



Harry, by his assiduity and attention to his books, soon acquired a fine taste for learning, and his

constant visits to the young gentlemen in the neighbourhood gave him a degree of politeness that astonished every one. Mr. Mildmay saw this with pleasure, and the younger Miss Mildmay considered Harry as a prodigy. She would often slip a shilling into his hand, and would frequently lay by for him some particular dainty, which Harry always received very thankfully, more out of gratitude, than any particular fondness he had for niceties.

Ned Noodle, I should have told you, at last got well, and one would have supposed, that such an accident would have taught him to behave better; but he was still the same, neglected his school, learned nothing, and spent his time in the

most idle manner. It is a sad thing, when children once give way to idleness, for then no good is ever to be expected from them.

An unexpected accident often sets a person afloat in the world, and so it happened with pretty Harry. A rich merchant in London, being on a visit at Mr. Mildmay's, fancied he saw something in the look of Harry that struck him much; but, when he came to converse with him, he was astonished to find so much knowledge of the world in a boy, who had been brought up amidst cows, sheep, and oxen.



See how freely they are conversing together. When the conversation was ended, and Harry was retired, the merchant told Mr. Mildmay, that he was sure that boy would one day or other make
make

make a great man. He therefore wished to take him to London, and place him in his counting-house, where he would have full scope to try his genius, and get forward in the world.

Though Mr. Mildmay was glad to find poor Harry was taken so much notice of, yet he was at first unwilling to part with him, because he was not only become very useful to him, but he in some respects looked upon him as his son. However, this good gentleman, considering that it might be the making of poor Harry, at last consented.

At first, Harry was very much averse to leaving his good friend Mr. Mildmay; but at last, considering what a fine thing it must be
to.

to be a merchant's clerk, he consented. First of all, however, he went and took an affectionate leave of Mrs. Jones, who wept on a double account: first, for sorrow, that she was going to lose Harry; and, secondly, for joy, to think how happily he was going to be provided for. He had taken leave of every one but Miss Polly Mildmay, the youngest Miss, whom he at last found in her chamber crying, when Harry could not help crying also, though neither of them could give any reason for so doing. See here they are.

How-



However, Harry and the gentleman set off the next day for London, when he was sent to an evening-school, to learn the Italian method of book-keeping, and also to speak French. These matters he soon accomplished, and behaved in the office with so much industry and fidelity, that in the

course of two years he became head clerk, and had the management of all the business.

It was laughable enough to see what a piece of work Harry (whom we shall hereafter call Mr. Harry) made about having his hair dressed in the modern taste. He could not reconcile himself to sitting a whole hour under a barber's hands, who was all that time either blinding him with powder, or poisoning him with the smell occasioned by the application of hot irons to the greasy hair. He had brought up to London with him his long straight locks, that scorned to have a crooked hair in them; but these he liked best, because he was perfectly at ease in them; whereas, when his hair was tied up behind, and his curls pinned, he used to say, that

his head was in stay-tape and buckram. A little time, however, brought him easily to submit to the London mode of dress; but he always avoided running into that extreme of the fashion, which is an indisputable proof, that the dress is the principal part of the man.



See how smart and genteel he looks. In the course of every summer, he went to see Mr. Mildmay, and always carried handsome presents with him; but those intended for Miss Polly were always better than the rest. As to poor Mrs. Jones, he would go and sit whole hours with her, and took care to send her, at different times, such supplies as kept her very decently.

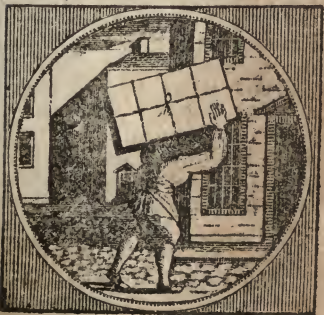
As soon as Mr. Harry had reached the twenty-first year of his age, the merchant being very old, he took him into partnership with him; and the merchant, dying soon after, left him the whole of his business, and all his fortune. Thus did Mr. Harry rise from a humble haycock to ride in his coach and six, as you see in the

frontispiece to the first part of this history.

As Mr. Harry was one day walking in his stable-yard, he could not help looking at a man who was washing one of his carriages, as you see in the frontispiece just mentioned. Judge how great must be his surprize, when he found it was his old school-fellow, Ned Noodle, who had been put apprentice to a tradesman, and had run away from his master, when he came up to town, and, after begging about for a long time, he got to be a helper in different stables, and at last came into that yard, to do any odd matters to keep him from starving.

Mr. Harry was exceedingly sorry to see him in such a situation. He took him into the house, dres-

fed him in some of his own clothes, and kept him till he procured him a place as a porter in a merchant's house. Thus you see, my little readers, that prudence and industry raised one to a coach and six, while idleness and sloth sunk another to the humble condition of a porter.



Being now in possession of an ample fortune, he determined to quit business and marry. His choice was already made, for he loved Miss Polly Mildmay most sincerely, and she loved him no less, though neither had then told each other so. One thing, however, hung much upon his mind, and in some measure interrupted his happiness, which was, that he knew not his father nor mother, whom he wished to see, though they had so cruelly deserted him.

It somehow run in his head, that poor Mrs. Jones could give him some information on this matter. He accordingly hastened down to her, and begged her, in the most earnest manner, if she knew any thing of his parentage,
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not to conceal it from him, as his happiness depended thereon.

Mrs. Jones rose from her seat, and, after giving vent to a flood of tears, and tenderly embracing Mr. Harry, as you see,



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she addressed him as follows, to the no small admiration and joy of Mr. Harry, and of Mr. Mildmay and all his family, who had now followed him to Mrs. Jones's.

“ My dear child, (said she) I am your mother, but father, I fear, you have none. He was pressed and forced to sea while you was an infant, leaving me in the utmost distress, as I had not been accustomed to labour for my bread. Do not think I cruelly deserted you: I laid you down on the haycock, intending to leave you there only while I collected a few herbs in the hedges; but when, on my return, I found you in such good hands, I prevailed over Nature, and gave up my feelings to your interest. Heaven has showered down its
bles-

bleffings on you, and I fhould probably have gone to my grave in peace, without difcovering myfelf to you, had you not this day torn the fecret from my heart."

Here Mrs. Jones was interrupted by a gentleman burfting into the room, on whom Mrs. Jones no fooner caft her eyes, than ſhe fell motionlefs in the arms of her fon. The ſcene that followed is too tender for deſcription: it will be fufficient to ſay, that this was Mrs. Jones's huſband, and the father of Mr. Harry. He had been taken priſoner, and carried into ſlavery in Africa, where the ſeverity of his fortune was in ſome degree ſoftened by becoming the favourite of a great man, under whom he had acquired a moderate fortune, and was

now

now returned to England in search of his wife and son.

I shall leave my pretty readers to guess what must be the feelings of all parties at so unexpected and tender a meeting. After Mr. Harry, whom we must now call Mr. Jones, had recovered from his first emotions of surprise, he stepped up to Miss Polly Mildmay, and taking her by the hand, "My pretty angel, (said he to her) I have this day changed my name, will you add to my happiness in giving up that of Mildmay as I have done that of Harry? Happy, indeed, will this day be, in which I shall have found a lost father and mother, and become possessed of a most amiable wife, who has long been the object of my heart."

Miss Polly made no reply, but gave Mr. Jones such a look, as was more expressive of the feelings of her heart than any thing words could express. All parties now repaired to the church, where Miss Polly promised "to love, honour, and obey," which she punctually performed. The village bells proclaimed the joyful news, and the winds assisted in wafting the sound to distant places. In the evening, the nymphs and swains danced on the green to the tabor and pipe, and mirth and festivity closed the scene.

THE END.

